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Strictly Tee-total, and Exclusive of all Matters of a Political or Sectarian Character, and of all Advertisements of Intoxicating-drink-selling Establishments.

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column or half column, will be accommodated at the
lowest rates.

POETICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."

From the New London Advocate.
TEMPERANCE DOXOLOGY.

Praise God for murmuring rills and streams,
For dimpled waters clear and bright,
Cool babbling brooks, and fountains pure,
And laughing lakes in liquid light.

Praise God for songs of gushing floods,
From clefted rock and rugged steep—
Where tiny shells, with princely pearls,
In sweet communion calmly sleep.

Praise God, whose mighty hand hath stayed,
The burning tides of death and hell—
And for the trusty traveller formed
Soft gushing spring and moss grown well.

Praise him whose spirit gently led
The wanderer back to heaven and home—
And ere the spoiler's snare was set,
Preserved him from the drunkard's doom.

Praise God for friends and happy home,
For souls redeemed, a conquering host,
For blessings undeserved, though free—
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE GROG-SELLER'S INVITATION.
Come rest on this counter, thou rum stricken loafer,
Though the pavement's thy couch, come here jolly
topee—

Here still is the friendship no cloud can o'er cast,
No malice destroy—while thy money shall last.

O! what was rum made for, if 'twere not for man
To sell and make money as fast as he can?
Though thy friends shall all seek to persuade thee
away,

Yet stay, I entreat thee, oh! stay, loafer, stay.

Though the wife of thy bosom, heart broken should
weep,

Though the long lonely night forbids her to sleep,
Though the smiles of thy babe may allure thee away,
Yet stay, I entreat thee, oh! stay, loafer, stay.

Here still amid scenes of enjoyment you'll revel,
Keep bright all day, and drive care to the devil,
While you keep up your score's you're welcome to
stay,
But your pockets are empty—haste, loafer, away!

SAFETY-BONDS.

"The pledge tee-total has its millions say'd."

GENERAL PLEDGE.

We promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks,
and to discountenance the cause and practice of
Intemperance.

**PLEDGE OF THE JUVENILE COLD WATER
ARMY OF THE DISTRICT.**

This youthful band Do with our hand, The pledge now sign To drink no Wine, Nor Brandy red, To turn the head, Nor Whiskey hot That makes the sot, So here we pledge unceasing hate, To all that can intoxicate.	Nor fiery Rum To turn our home Into a Hell, Where none could dwell— Whence peace would fly, Where love would die, And love expire Mid such a fire;
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PLEDGE OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
I, without reserve, solemnly pledge my honor as a
man, that I will neither make, buy, sell, nor use as a
beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine, or
Cider.

**PLEDGE OF THE UNITED BROTHERS OF
TEMPERANCE.**
No brother shall make, buy, sell, or use, as a beverage,
any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider.

GOLDEN SANDS.

"Like sparkles shining through the chrysal wave."

When the soul is ready to depart, what avails
it whether a man die on the throne or in the
dust?

Nothing can be accomplished without labor,
and with it nothing is too difficult.

Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child,
but happy illustrations winneth him.

Many persons who are alarmed by their
dreams, care little what they do when they are
awake.

The seeds of misery and madness have been
sown in the nights of infancy.

Men are harassed not by things themselves,
but by their opinions respecting things.

Things undefined are full of dread, and stag-
ger stoutest nerves.

Temperance has not only health to recom-
mend it, but decency.

Be careful that ghastly fears be not the night
companions of the child.

Happy is that country, whose public men
are gentlemen.

Time obliterates speculative opinions, but
confirms the judgments of nature.

POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

VIRTUE REWARDED.

A GOOD STORY, WELL TOLD.

(Concluded.)

The young girl paused a moment after read-
ing the note, and then, raising her eyes to
meet her mother's, remarked, as she placed it
on the work table: "Do you not think mother,
that letter is perfect? except the too high
opinion expressed of me? I really think that
M. Barsac is endowed with the utmost good
sense. I almost regret that I had not seen a
man whose conduct is actuated by such hono-
rable motives."

"This letter," said Madame Reval, mourn-
fully, "certainly augments my regret. I feel
that I could have loved this young man as a
son. Now what a different lot awaits you!
Are you not terrified at the idea of being ob-
liged to work for your poor mother?"

"How unkind," said Anna, "how unlike
yourself! Why, what is it, after all? For-
merly, I embroidered to amuse myself, I do
the same now to contribute to your comfort.
The latter will be surely the most agreeable.
Beside, I can do it now so much more cheer-
fully. Look, I have disposed of the collar,"
and she showed the empty case which she
had brought, "and here's the price obtained
for it," placing three pieces of money on the
table.

A light knock at the door interrupted the
conversation. Anna cast a look of inquietude
at her mother; for since the loss of their for-
tunes no visit had broken their solitude.

"Go and open it," said the lady. With a
smile she obeyed, and the opened door gave
entrance to a man, whom she immediately
recognized as the stranger who had assisted
the poor old sufferer.

The countenance of Mademoiselle Reval at
once assumed a grave and severe expression.
Her mother perceived the change, but before
she could make an inquiry into the cause, the
stranger advanced, and saluting her with re-
spect, said, "Madame, you are, I presume, the
mother of this young lady?"

Madame Reval made a sign of assent, and
pointed out a chair to the stranger. He took
it, and continued, "chance this morning brought
Mademoiselle and myself together in affording
assistance to an unhappy—"

"Oh! mother," interrupted the young girl,
whose neck and face was covered with blushes
at this allusion to the morning's adventure,
"I have not had time to tell you about it. Do
you remember the poor old man who generally
took up his station at the door of our hotel
formerly? He always wore a green bandage
over his eyes, to conceal his face from the
passers-by, and held a small basket of matches
in his hand."

"Yes," interrupted Madame Reval in her
turn, "I remember him well; your father
always dropped some money into the basket
when returning from the Bourse. You always
used to call him *your poor old man*; and you,
as little as you were, delighted in giving him
every thing you could scrape together."

"Well, since our departure from the hotel,
we have asked each other a hundred times
what could have become of him?"

"Yes," said Madame Reval, with evident
interest.

"Well, mother, I found him to-day, at last,
but in such a wretched state that I was really
shocked. Stretched on the snow, dying, abso-
lutely, of cold and hunger; and, without the
assistance of this gentleman, he must have
perished where he lay."

"Say, rather, without yours," said the young
man earnestly. "I could do nothing, for I had
lost my purse. To you, and you alone, is he
indebted for life;" but, continued he in a dif-
ferent tone, seeing the color mounting to Anna's
face, "it is not for the purpose of disclosing to
this lady the secret of your good actions, that
I have followed you here, it is to request you
to take the trouble of buying a bed and some
other little necessities for this poor child of
misfortune. Here are a hundred francs that
you will have the goodness to employ for this
purpose. I pray you to believe that if I was
not a stranger in Paris, and on the point of
quitting it this very evening, I would not take
the liberty with persons to whom I am un-
known. I trust that you will excuse my
request."

"There is no necessity to offer an apology,"
said Madame Reval, "on the contrary, we
ought to thank you for having selected us to
complete a benevolent action."

"Now, madame," added the young man in a
hesitating and timid manner, "it only re-
mains for me to inquire the name of my young
sister in this work of kindness."

"Mademoiselle Anna Reval."

A cry of astonishment broke from the stran-
ger—"The daughter of M. Reval, of Bordeaux,
who lost his fortune by trusting a friend, and
died of grief!"

"Alas! you have but too truly stated the
case. How does it happen that you are ac-
quainted with these facts?"

"I am Jules Barsac," said the young man,
in a voice scarcely audible.

Anna grew pale, and went and placed her-
self near her mother's seat. A mournful silence
succeeded for a short time, and it was Jules
who broke it.

"Oh, Madame, said he, suddenly rising, 'I
perceive that I yesterday sent you my renun-
ciation of a life of happiness. This letter, he
repeated, as he slightly touched it with the
finger of his right hand with a look of disgust,
'permit me to destroy it, and to forget that it
was ever written.' Looking from one lady
to the other, and seeing no sign of opposition,
he tore it down the middle, and threw the
portions into the fire. He watched them until
the flames had seized on every part; and then,
as if content that it was irretrievably lost, he
approached Madame Reval and bent his knee
before her, as she regarded alternately,
with the utmost satisfaction, her daughter,
and him whom she would have chosen for
her son-in-law, if the choice had been in her
power. 'Or if the memory of this unhappy
letter cannot altogether pass away, and if it
must still remain in your remembrance, think
only of the words which say—'If your daugh-
ter and myself had been acquainted.' We are
acquainted, and know each other already as
if we had never been apart. I just now called
Mademoiselle by the name of sister: let me
call her by another name, no less kind, but
more sacred—that of wife. I have no fortune
to offer her, but I feel animated by double
courage and hope. For her—for you, Madame,
who will never quit us, I will work with
energy and determination, and I feel that I
shall succeed in my efforts. Oh, Madame,
deign to answer me. But you weep—you
give me your hand—you consent to my re-
quest?"

"And you, Anna, what do you say?" asked
Madame Reval, as she held out the other to
her daughter.

"Have I ever any other will than yours,
dear mother?" and she pressed her hands to
her lips.

"You consent, then, Mademoiselle," said
Jules; "then you will allow me to present
you this ring as a mark of our engagement."

He handed her a ring set round with tor-
quoises.

"It is Anna's ring!" said Madame Reval,
with surprise.

"Yes, mother," said Anna, quite confused,
"I was obliged to sell it to replace the money
I had received for my embroidery."

"It was in purchasing it that I discovered
your address, although you entered in the
Jeweler's book only the name of Anna. It is
to this ring I owe the happiness of again be-
holding you." He took, as he spoke, the un-
resisting hand of the young girl, and placed on
the finger the pledge of their union.

The same evening, in order to fulfil the be-
nevolent intentions of M. Barsac, who was
obliged to leave town for Bordeaux, Anna re-
turned to the old man's lodgings. He was no
longer to be found; he had disappeared with-
out pointing out his new abode.

A month after, in the humble lodging of
Madame Reval, a few assembled to witness
the signing of the marriage contract before the
notary, who soon made his appearance; he
was followed by an elderly man, richly attired.

As the latter was not introduced, no person
took notice of him, for each was too much oc-
cupied with the ceremony for which they had
come together. Madame Reval was still an
invalid, and had her daughter seated near her.
Jules Barsac was standing on the other side.
The notary placed his portfolio on the table,
and took from it a contract of marriage, which
he proceeded to read aloud. After having
specified the little property of the bridegroom,
he went on to detail the fortune of the lady;
"Madame Reval makes over to her daughter
the sum of £1,000 per year."

"You are making a mistake, Monsieur,"
interrupted Madame Reval; "formerly, in-
deed, I did intend—"

The notary, without paying any attention
to the interruption, continued—"£1,000 a
year, arising from money in the public funds
for which here are the securities."

Saying this he displayed the coupons on the
table, and Madame Reval, the daughter, and
Jules Barsac, all made a movement as if to
speak, when the aged stranger arose and made
a sign for them to remain silent. Surprised at
this interference, they awaited with interest
the result of this strange scene.

"What!" said the old man, with a broken
voice, and addressing Anna, "what, Made-
moiselle, do you not remember *your poor old
man*?" While she was looking earnestly at
him, trying to read in his venerable counte-
nance the marks of misery and suffering, he
continued:

"You have then forgotten ten years of daily
kindness? You have forgotten the 3d of Jan-

uary, with the assistance you gave so oppor-
tunately; the fire, the wine, and the wing of a
fowl, wrapped up in a piece of newspaper?

All forgotten? Well, that very piece of news-
paper is the cause of all my misery being at
an end. In an advertisement which it bore, I
read the intelligence that a French gentleman
named Francois de Chazel, had been for years
seeking in vain for his brother, Jacques de
Chazel, ruined, like him, in the revolution; and
that, by his will, he had ordered an ad-
vertisement to be inserted every week for
three years, that the brother might come
forward and claim his ample fortune. That
Jacques de Chazel stands now before you; it
is I. I set out for London without delay, and
only returned yesterday. Your attorney, con-
tinued he, speaking to Madame Reval, is
mine; from him I heard of the intended mar-
riage of your daughter. To that sweet girl I
owe my life, and the least I can do is to pre-
sent her a part of that fortune, which, without
her, never could have reached my hands."

"But, Monsieur," said Madame Reval,
with emotion, "perhaps you have a family."

"Yes, Madame," replied he, bowing low
as he spoke, "if you will admit me into
yours."

"Ah, you have made a part of our family
for such a long time!" said Anna, pressing in
her hands those of M. de Chazel; then, with
a gesture full of naivete and grace, pointing to
her intended husband, she added, in a low
voice, "It is he who took you up. Do you
recollect him? Ah, you say that to me you
owe your life; if you only knew how much I
am indebted to you—if you only knew it! But
we will separate no more, and I shall have
time to tell you all about it."

Jules came forward to present the pen to
his bride, and they both signed the marriage
contract. Formed under such auspices, who
can doubt but that it was a happy one?

THOU ART THE MAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"How do you reconcile it to your conscience
to continue in your present business, Mr. Mud-
dler?" asked a venerable clergyman of a ta-
vern keeper, as the two walked home from
the funeral of a young man who had died sud-
denly.

"I find no difficulty on that score," replied
the tavern keeper, in a confident tone, "My
business is as necessary to the public good as
that of any other man."

"That branch of it which regards the com-
fort and accommodation of travellers, I will
grant to be necessary. But there is another
portion of it which you must pardon me for
saying, is not only uncalled for by the real
wants of the community, but highly deleteri-
ous to health and good morals."

"And pray, Mr. Mildman, to what portion
of my business do you allude?"

"I allude to that part of it which embraces
the sale of intoxicating drinks."

"Indeed, the very best part of my business.
But certainly you do not pretend to say that I
am to be accountable for the unavoidable ex-
cesses which sometimes grow out of the use
of liquors as a beverage?"

"I certainly must say that, in my opinion,
a large share of the responsibility rests upon
your shoulders. You not only make it a bu-
siness to sell liquors, but you use every device
to induce men to come and drink them. You
invent new compounds, with new and attrac-
tive names, in order to induce the indifferent
or the lovers of variety, to frequent your bar-
room. In this way you often draw the weak
into an excess of self-indulgence, that ends,
alas! in drunkenness, and final ruin of body
and soul. You are not only responsible for all
this, Mr. Muddler, but you bear the weight of
a fearful responsibility."

"I cannot see the subject in that light, Mr.
Mildman," the tavern keeper said rather
gravely. "Mine is an honest and honorable
calling, and it is my duty to my family and to
society, to follow it with diligence and a spirit
of enterprise."

"May I ask you a plain question, Mr. Mud-
dler?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, as many as you please?"

"Can the calling be an honest and honorable
one, which takes sustenance from the commu-
nity and gives nothing in return?"

"I do not understand the nature of your
question, Mr. Mildman."

"Consider, then, society as a man in a lar-
ger form, as it really is. In this great body,
as in the lesser body of man, there are various
functions, of use and reciprocity between the
whole. The hand does not act for itself alone
—receiving strength, and selfishly appropriat-
ing it, without returning its quota of good to
the general system. And so of the heart and
lungs. Reverse the order, and how soon is
the entire system diseased. Now does the
member of the great body of people act hon-
estly and honorably, who regularly receives
his portion of good from the general social
system, and gives nothing back in return?"

To this the Landlord made no reply. Mr.
Mildman continued—

"But there is a stronger view to be taken.
Suppose a member of the human body is dis-
eased—a limb, for instance, in a partial state
of mortification. Here, there is a reception of
life from the whole system into that limb, and
constant giving back of disease to the entire
body, and unless that body possesses extraor-
dinary vital energy, in the end destroys it. In
like manner, if in the larger body there be one
member who takes a share of life from the
whole, and gives back nothing but a poisonous
principle, whose effect is disease and death,
surely he cannot be called a good member—
nor honest, nor honorable."

"And pray, Mr. Mildman," asked the tavern
keeper, with much warmth, "where will you
find in society such a man as you describe?"

The minister paused at this question, and
looked his companion steadily in the face.
Then raising his long thin finger to give force
to his remarks, he said, with deep emphasis—
"Thou art the man."

"Me, Mr. Mildman! Me!" exclaimed the
tavern keeper, in surprise and displeasure.

"You surely cannot be in earnest."

"I utter but a solemn truth, Mr. Muddler;
such is your position in society. You receive
food and clothing, comforts and luxuries of
various kinds for yourself and family, from the
social body, and what do you give back for all
these? A poison to steal away the health
and happiness of that social body. You are
far worse than a perfect dead member! You
exist upon the great body as a moral gangrene!
Reflect upon this subject. Go home, and in
the silence of your own chamber, enter into
unimpassioned and solemn communion with
your heart. Be honest with yourself. Ex-
clude the bias of selfish feeling, and selfish in-
terest, and honestly define to yourself your
true position."

"But, Mr. Mildman—"

The two men had paused nearly in front of
Mr. Muddler's splendid establishment, and
were standing there when the tavern keeper
commenced a reply to the minister's last re-
marks. He had uttered but the first word or
two, when he was interrupted by a pale, thinly
dressed female, who held a little girl by the
hand. She came up before him, and looked
him steadily in the face for a moment or two.

"Mr. Muddler, I believe," she said.

"Yes, madam, that is my name," was his
reply.

"I have come, Mr. Muddler," the woman
then said, with an effort to smile and affect a
polite air, "to thank you for a present I re-
ceived last night."

"Thank me, madam! There certainly
must be some mistake. I never made you a
present. Indeed, I have not the pleasure of
your acquaintance."

"You said your name was Muddler, I be-
lieve?"

"Yes, madam, as I told you before, that is
my name."

"Then you are the man. You made my
little girl here a present also, and we have
both come with our thanks."

"You deal in riddles, madam. Speak out
plainly."

"As I said before," the woman replied,
with bitter irony in her tones, "I have come
with my little girl, to thank you for that pre-
sent we received last night. A present of
wretchedness and abuse!"

"I'm still as far from understanding you as
ever," the tavern keeper said—"I never abused
you, madam. I do not even know you."

"But you know my husband, sir! You
have enticed him to your bar, and for his money
have given him a poison that has changed
him from one of the best and kindest of men,
into a demon. To you, then, I owe all the
wretchedness I have suffered, and the brutal
treatment I shared with my helpless children
last night. It is for this that I have come to
thank you."

"Surely, Madam, you must be beside your-
self. I have nothing to do with your hus-
band."

"Nothing to do with him!" the woman
exclaimed in an exciting tone. "Would to
Heaven that it were so! Before you opened
your accursed gin palace, he was a sober man,
and the best and the kindest of husbands—but,
enticed by you—your display of fancy drinks—
he was tempted within the charmed circle of
your bar-room. From that moment began his
downfall, and now he is lost to self-control—
lost to humanity!"

As the woman said this, she burst into
tears, and then turned and walked slowly
away.

"To that painful illustration to what I have
said," the minister remarked, as the two stood
once more alone, "I have nothing to add.
May the lesson sink deep into your heart.
Between you and that woman's husband ex-
isted a regular business transaction. Did it
result in a mutual benefit? Answer that
question to your own conscience!"

How the tavern keeper answered it, we
know not. But if he received no benefit from
the double lesson, we trust others may; and
in hope that the practical truth that we have
endeavored briefly to illustrate, will fall some-
where upon good ground, we cast it forth for
the benefit of our fellow men.